

## Fall Of The Hammer

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Summary: The story of Hammer Squad, a marine platoon, fighting to survive on a world ambushed by the Covenant.

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\_I remember their eyes. Well... that's how I've always remembered their names; bright blue, dark blue, brown, hazel. Green. I... I can't remember, though, their last names. I didn't want to, I think. To impersonal to me. I like to know them like they were my children, that's how... I want to know everyone. So their names.. they come easy because I associate them with their color: Frederick, brown eyes. Malcolm, bright blue eyes. Casey, dark blue eyes. Thomas... green eyes.\_

\_Ethan, hazel eyes. That's their names, or... were their names. Now... I don't know where they are...\_

**\*\*2050, \*\*\_\*\*The Somber Lady,\*\*\_\*\* 1730 hours.\*\***

Sergeant Patrick Fracter, or \_Pat\_, stepped out of the showers and grabbed a towel. His naked back revealed a large tattoo of the UNSCDF insignia, and on his right arm was the name of his late wife, Steph. Pat shook his short, blonde hair dry and proceeded to put on his uniform, recently fresh from stock. His face showed a couple pink scars; one under his right eye like a crescent, and the other from his earlobe to his chin.

Both were memories he'd rather forget.

The \_Somber Lady\_ shook from exiting Slipspace, like a short jolt of turbulence. Some new ensigns had to grab the ships interior; a rail or just a wall. But Pat was used to it. He flowed with the shaking, following its right and left jerks until it ceased.

The frigate's insides were blackish and smelled like ass from all the battles the great lady had seen. She had soared through the belly of

the beast in the Outer Colony struggles, and helped evac innocents from Sigma Octanus IV and Biko.

Pat; he'd only been aboard for a couple weeks. As he stepped out of the locker room and into the hall the smell returned. The ass. He held his breath.

\_They need to clean up, and get rid of that god-awful smell, \_he thought.

Crew passed him with holo-pads and talking to eachother, rushing by, about the engines, or the soldiers on board.

Something about the cafeteria's, and the Captain. Captain Harris. This man was a relic of the early days in the war. His face, old and with a grey beard, proved this. Never a smile crossed his lips unless it was of the utmost importance.

Pat neared the cafeteria doors, adjusted the armor plates on his shoulders, lit a cigarette. And became a statistic in the onslaught of marine cacophony. His arms formed an 'X' behind his back, and his cigarette enforced a will on his looks that almost seemed...  
\_god-like.\_

The tables were crammed, and he stepped forward two inches before a marine nearly mauled him over. When the marine, laughing like an idiot and with a haircut that made him look more like a dunce, turned to see Pat, he instantly saluted and straightened. Soon it turned into a dominoe effect, until Pat heard voices all the way in the back:

\_"Sargeant Patrick, sir! Hammer Squad at your command!"\_

Pat was still stone-faced, but he moved his arm to pull the cigarette from his mouth and blow a cloud of whitish-grey smoke to the ceiling.

"Is it dinner?" Pat stated, simply. He let a grin strike his mouth.

The marines roared, "Hooah!" and formed a clear path for Pat to sit.

So Hammer Squad; Frederick, Malcolm, Casey, Thomas and Ethan - or \_Fred, Mal, Cas, Tommy and E. -\_ jumped through, over and around the pile of bodies between their sargeant and themselves. When they got to the table, they sat and watched as Pat dug his cigarette in an ashtray built in the table and light a new one; todays ship menu special, \_slop.\_

"Hammer Squad, what is our mission?" Pat put a fork in the soupy dinner, and tasted. Interesting.

"Sir," it was Mal, a twenty-one year old, blue-eyed boy with a pretty face,"to evacuate civ's from Vanneim City on \_Shannon\_ before the Lady's crew has time to piss in the toilets."

"And," now it was Fred, the squad second and eldest member behind Pat; twenty-six and brown-eyed,"to secure all intelligence, or wipe it clean."

"So, before the crew's shit hits the bowl?" it was Tommy. Pat felt uneasy with all this talk of human waste. He spit out the slop and tried to clean his mouth with a long drag of his cigarette.

"Something like that," Pat answers. He looks at Cas and E.; the quiet and most lethal. Cas's specialty; The M99MASR. Twenty-two and a sharpshooter. E.; he was a killer on the back of a Gauss 'Hog, and his concentration superb when he needs to knock out a squad of Covvies with a BR55. Fred, Mal and Tommy were attention-play; the oldest members of Hammer Squad. Pat flicked ash into the tray.

"But, that counts for all of you," he encircled his pointer hand around to the marines. There was fifty of them, basic infantry. Some had their helmets on the tables, others were a little uneasy and kept them on. Some had visors, some did not. Most had the same uniforms, though others were more used.

Hammer Squad's look was the issued black and green camouflaged armored uniforms, but with visored helmets that had their symbol painted on the ear; a hammer in a hand. It was red. Hammer Squad was leading this mission.

It was simple, and it would be clean. \_Take out the city-folk before the bad guys came and glassed them.\_ Pat kept saying that in his head.

A flash of red above the door. And a voice: \_Sargeant Fractor, please report to Captain Harris on the Bridge.\_ A male A.I.

All the Marines looked around and then back at Pat. He finished off his second cigarette and then stood up. A round-a-bout salute.

"Sir!"

"At ease. I'll be back."

\_\*\*The Somber Lady's \*\*\_\*\*Bridge, 1755 hours.\*\*\_

Before Pat stepped on deck, he was checked by a female in an orange and white jumpsuit; she dialed in her holo-pad.

"Alright, proceed." her voice was flat. The entire crew was sort of lifeless; but then again it was the military. There couldn't afford to be emotion.

Pat's boots clanged on the metal floors, and as he fully entered the Bridge, a lit cigarette in his mouth, he heard the \_beeps\_ and \_boops\_ of computers, the other clangs of running men and women from one console to another, the synthesis of voices; yelling and conversing. Pat turned around the corner to face Captain Harris, his hands grabbing the railing in front of him as he bent over. Below were the pilots of the Lady.

Harris; he was holding a cigar in his hand, un-lit, and trying to figure out a large hologram in front of him.

Pat saluted him, "Captain Harris, sir."

Said Captain cocked his head and said, "Fuck the formalities and get your ass over here."

Pat nearly dropped his cigarette, and only his few years experience of being Sargeant kept his psyche fully cloaked behind cold steel.

"What is it, Captain?"

"Look." Harris pointed with the hand that held the cigar at the holographic screen; a blue background, with multiple red dots moving slowly towards a large, green sphere. But they were closer to the edge of the blue screen, whereas a yellow dot was much closer to the green sphere, nearly touching.

"We're in orbit of Shannon, Fractor. Those reds; they're the covenant."

"\_What?\_ How is it possible that they got here so fast?"

Pat shoved closer to the screen, unknowingly mimicking Harris's pose.

"I don't know, but you have to get down there, get those transport ships off the ground and then get the hell back here, ASAP!"

Pat shook his head, straightened his spine and saluted. Harris shoed him away, with a; \_hurry the fuck up! \_as Pat almost sprinted out the Bridge.

Pat didn't notice his cigarette fell out of his mouth, laying on the floor at Harris's feet.

\_\*\*The Somber Lady's \*\*\_\*\*Hangar Bay, 1815 hours.\*\*\_

The pilots were getting tucked into the cockpits of their Pelican Dropships as the Lady's crew filled them up with fuel and reserves of ammo cache's; just in case. The marines, however, were quickly arming up, putting belts of 7.62mm rounds in the M247's. Last chance repairs. Hydration.

Hammer Squad piled into the troop bay of their pelican. Pat grabbed a handle on the ceiling of the bay, lifting himself into the dropship. He realized back before he'd alerted the soldiers that he had lost his cigarette. He satiated the thought with an unlit cig between his lips.

Pat faced the dozen other pelicans being fed with fresh bodies in their bellies. It was time. Pat tapped the door into the cockpit twice, and the dropship roared to life. Others followed suit.

"Get ready, marines," Pat nearly screamed over the basin, "Prepare for a hellish evacuation!"

"Hooah!"

E. and Cas loaded a clip into their rifles, and Fred and Mal toyed with their HUD's. Tommy was the only one looking outside of the pelican, not paying attention to any weapon, or craft; just his own

thoughts.

But he broke the uneasiness in them all; "Pat, is it bad!"

Pat's visored helmet turned and aimed at Tommy. All of them had their helmets on.

"It's been worse, but yeah. Covvies are coming in pretty fast, behind schedule."

At that, E., Cas, Fred and the rest of Hammer Squad took their attentions away from their current duties and towards Pat.

"Fuck me, are you \_serious!\_" Fred's voice. E. seemed uneasy, looking away slowly and returning to loading guns and counting stock. Tommy shook his head and silently whispered, \_"Shit.".\_

Pat scrutinized the other pelicans. All he told the Marines was they were in orbit and that they had to get this mission done faster, more smooth, than previously thought. Not the Covenant part.

"We'll get it done. Don't worry." behind his mask, Pat was smiling; and not because he wanted his men to see it, but because he felt the cold steel melting away for a second.

He believed in his men.

Tommy, sitting and staring out the Pelican. Mal, with a M6 twirling in his hand. Fred, his hands folded and... \_thinking\_. E., loading and unloading weapons, his own form of self-discipline. And Cas, hugging his sniper rifle, looking like a slumbering beast.

His soldiers. \_Pat's boys.\_

**\*\*Please Review.\*\***

End  
file.